

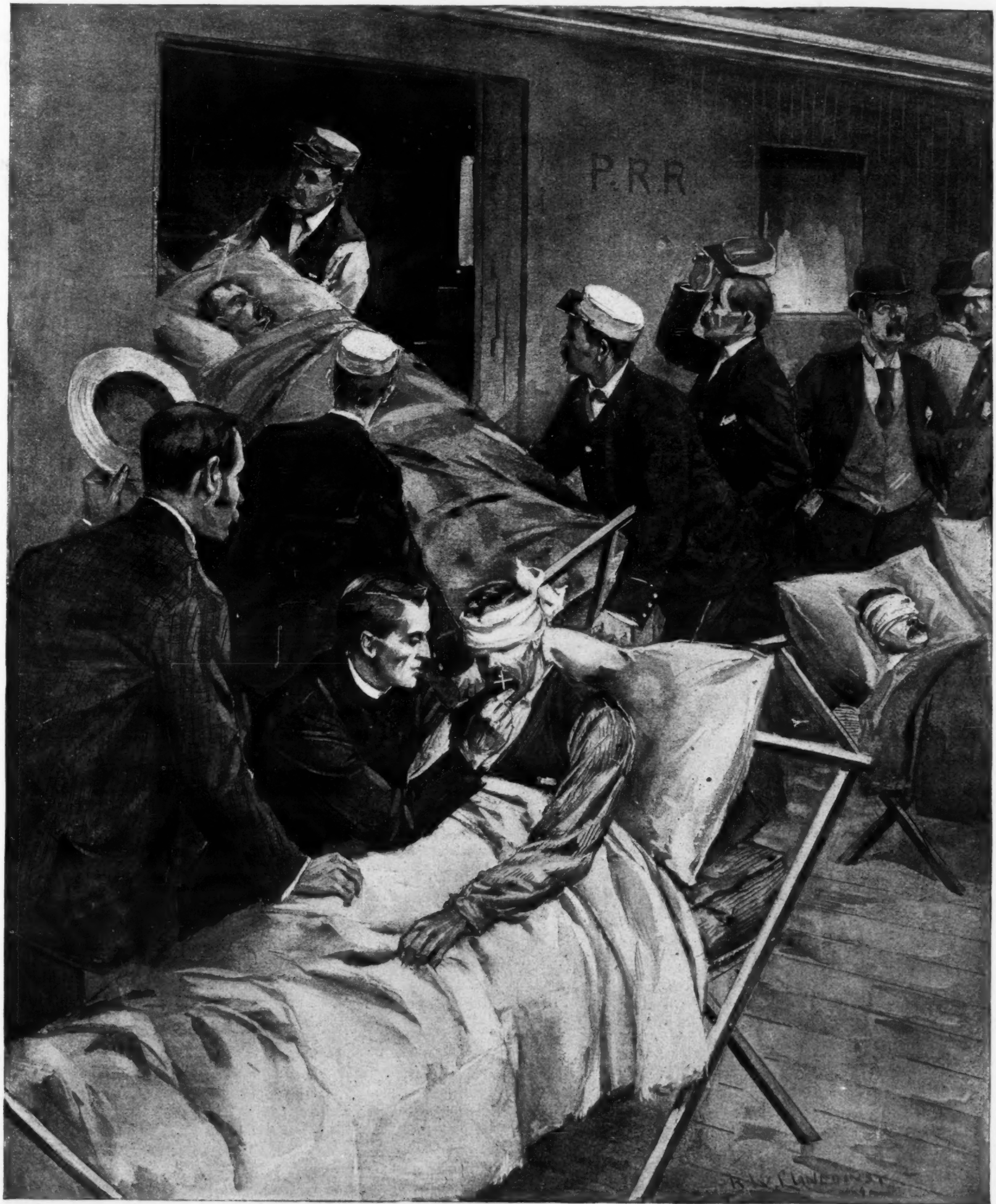
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ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY

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A DYING PINKERTON—SCENE AT REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED FROM HOMESTEAD TO A PITTSBURG HOSPITAL.  
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 67.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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## DANGEROUS TEACHING.

THE facility with which men who are popularly believed to possess ordinary common sense sometimes lapse into the supremest folly is well illustrated by the utterances of some Democratic Congressmen with reference to the recent labor troubles at Homestead. In their eagerness to twist this unfortunate affair for campaign purposes, these Democratic representatives have committed themselves to the most astounding enunciations as to the rights of capital and labor, and especially as to the relation of labor to the laws of the land. Among the gentlemen who have thus distinguished themselves by a practical justification of anarchy, Senator Palmer, of Illinois, stands in unenviable conspicuity. This venerable personage, discussing the assault of the Carnegie workmen upon the Pinkerton force employed to watch the endangered property of the company, announced that "according to the law of the land," the men who thus engaged in violence resulting in bloodshed had the right to employment in the Homestead works, that "they had earned the right to live there," and that at the time of the assault "they were upon ground they had a right to defend." "I maintain," he said, "that these laborers, having spent their lives in this peculiar line of service, have a right to insist on the permanency of their employment. I assert that there is a law which gives to these men, who have been bred in this special pursuit, a right to demand employment, a right which can only be defeated by misconduct on their part." And he added "that the manufacturing establishment is a public institution, as the railroads are held to be public."

It is amazing that any man in his senses should at this day advance such a proposition as this. It antagonizes every principle of sound law, and it contravenes the whole spirit of our civilization. Carried to its logical conclusion it would destroy all rights of property and introduce the barbaric conditions of feudal times. If the principle that discontented employes have a right to demand permanence of employment, and to stand between the employer and the enjoyment of his property and the prosecution of his business, should be recognized, it would inevitably lead to a disintegration of all industry and commerce, and convert the employé class into an absolute autocracy. If this principle be a sound one, it must be equally true that the employer has a right to demand permanence of service from the employé, and to exact from him such control of his wage-earning capacity as he may elect to impose. The two must necessarily go together. There can be no escape from the conclusion that if a workman can, in the language of General Palmer, "earn the right" to insist upon employment, and has a right to remain in such employment against the protest and contrary to the interests of his employer, then the latter may insist that his workman shall continue in his service for such time and under such conditions as he may choose to establish, indifferent altogether to the wishes and the interests of the employé thus practically enslaved.

There is no danger at all that the public mind will be confused as to the real merits of the case by any such sophistries as these. We are not yet a nation of socialists, tending on to anarchy. Our people still have some just conception of the mutual rights of employer and employed, and are not yet prepared to justify pillage, rapine, and murder as methods of curing social ills. Even the more intelligent workmen in the Carnegie mills, we are quite sure, will reject, as full of hazard and as false in principle, the proposition laid down by the Illinois Senator. They are not yet prepared to go to the extreme of confiscation and arbitrary seizure and conversion to their own use of the property of the company in whose employ they have been. When they come to consider coolly the real issue involved they will, as we trust, realize, what is the truth, that in breaking into the premises of the Homestead works they were trespassers, and that the owners of the property thus invaded had a right to eject them by force. The truth is that they had no more right to be where they were than they had to be on any other premises not their own.

They were in a sense as much at fault in the eye of the law as the burglar who forces his way into a private house in the night with a view to theft.

It is simply lamentable that any man in public position should array his influence on the side of principles so dangerous to the public safety and so utterly abhorrent to the civilization of the age as those which General Palmer deliberately enunciated. The problem of the relation of capital and labor is already grave enough; the difficulty of arriving at a solution which shall secure the rights of each and guarantee stability in the relations of both is already sufficiently acute, and that man who, immediately or remotely, by word or act, helps to make this solution harder, or to aggravate the perils of the situation, ought to be, and by right-minded people will be, branded as a public enemy.

## COMMON ROADS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is interesting to learn that at the great exhibition to be held next year in Chicago there will be an exhibit that will show how common roads should be built. The importance of this subject cannot be overrated, nor can it be dwelt upon too frequently nor with too much emphasis. Of all questions now before the people other than political ones, it is by long odds the most important from an economic standpoint. The bad roads that now prevail almost universally in the United States entail a tax upon the people—an entirely unnecessary tax—greater than all other imposts combined. These bad roads are drains upon agriculture very like that of an open spigot. Some of the country people, who are more directly injured by the prevailing condition, are aware of the serious burden they bear, but they are in a very small minority. The great majority suffer without knowing the nature of the malady. But even those who would have better roads rarely know how to construct and maintain them. To these, and to others as well, a good practical exhibit would be a most valuable object lesson.

One of the objects of the great fair is to show to the world the progress of the United States in civilization. It has long been an axiom that the common roads of a country were at once the means and measure of its civilization. Strangers who come to America and in their travels go further afield than the cities and railway highways will see that we have the worst common roads of any country in the world enjoying a stable government. To them a good exhibit at the World's Fair will show that though we have not yet attained good roads we are aware of the reproach that rests upon us, and alive to the importance of improving the disgraceful condition of our methods of interior communication. This subject cannot be touched upon without giving credit to the bicycle-riders of America for having started and kept up an agitation for good roads in a way so effective that good results have already been achieved and very much greater improvements seem probable in the early future.

## SHIFTING THE ISSUE.

THE efforts of the Democracy to shift the issue in the present canvass furnish a very conclusive evidence of the desperation of the party. The managers realize that the tariff policy to which the party was committed by the Chicago convention is regarded by the people as an actual menace to the prosperity of the country, and that persistence in its support will lead inevitably to disastrous defeat. Senator Hill, who fairly ranks as one of the most astute politicians of his party, is reported to have said, "The tariff plank in the Democratic platform makes every manufactory and workshop a Republican campaign headquarters." Whether the Senator is responsible for this statement or not, it certainly embodies the fact in the case. And it is because the wiser men of the party recognize the danger to which this declaration exposes them that they are now seeking to subordinate the tariff issue, and bring the Federal Elections bill into supreme prominence. We find representative newspapers of the party, as if in obedience to orders from headquarters, everywhere engaging in a concerted effort to mislead the people by projecting into view the spectre of Federal interference with the sovereignty of the States and Federal oppression of the individual voter. Some of these papers go so far as to assert that the authority already existing in Federal law will be utilized by the administration to coerce Western as well as Southern constituencies and defeat their will as constitutionally expressed. The whole purpose obviously is to frighten timid folk, excite old prejudices, and awaken old animosities, to the end that all the economic questions of the campaign may be overlooked, and the party relieved from the just consequences of the blunder it has made in reference to the tariff issue.

These efforts of the Democratic managers will, of course, fail of their purpose. There is no danger at all that any American citizen will be deprived of his rights by any act of Congress having as its explicit object the protection of the ballot and the maintenance of the purity of elections. Existing laws conferring Federal authority for this purpose have never yet been used oppressively by Republicans, and the people understand that the Republican party is incapable of resorting to measures so atrocious and so

subversive of all rights as the bull-doing, proscriptive policy which the Democracy of the South openly justify and maintain. No proposition of the Republican party, embodied in its platform or in any legislation ever suggested by it, has looked, or now looks, to any other result than the protection of the citizen in all the immunities guaranteed to him under the Constitution, as against the assaults of the very party now expressing such supreme solicitude for the defense of popular rights.

## THE DEMOCRATIC FUSION PLAN.

It is obvious that the Democratic managers propose to utilize the People's party for all it is worth. The plan of uniting upon an electoral ticket in those States where this party has a considerable following is already unfolding itself. In Kansas the Democratic State Convention has formally decided to indorse the People's electoral ticket, and in some other Western States it is probable that a like course will be pursued. In Kansas such a union is possibly a menace to Republican success. If the Democratic leaders can hold the rank and file of the party to the support of the mongrel electors it is thought by some that it may be successful. Our information is, however, that the more intelligent and sagacious leaders of the party in that State are opposed to absorption by the party which masquerades as the especial representative of the people's interests, and that an effort will be made to prevent such a result. On the other hand, the pressure from the influential Democratic managers of the country will be very great and hard to resist. In their eagerness for success these latter will care very little for the preservation of the autonomy of the party in Kansas or elsewhere, if by sacrificing it they can secure the Presidency. They have practically abandoned the hope of obtaining a majority in the Electoral College for their distinctive party ticket. If they are to succeed, the contest, as they now apparently reason, must be thrown into the House of Representatives, where, having a majority of the States, they might compass their purpose in the election of Mr. Cleveland.

As the situation now presents itself this view is unquestionably a sound one. Mr. Cleveland cannot be elected by the popular suffrage upon the platform which he has accepted at the hands of the Chicago convention. All the indications warrant the conclusion that the people of the country will not commit the government to the hands of the party which is hostile to American industries, which proposes the overthrow of our wise and safe system of finance, which is prepared to favor the repudiation of the national faith, and the success of which would destroy the public confidence and enormously impair the national prosperity. If the vote should be taken to-day as distinctively between the Republican and Democratic parties, the latter, as we believe, would not be able to carry a single Northern State. Even New Jersey, with an honest poll, would reject the party of free trade and depreciated money. Our conviction is that a campaign of intelligent discussion will accentuate this popular aversion to the Democratic policy. At the same time passion and prejudice, stimulated by partisan appeals, may, in States like Kansas, operate to Republican disadvantage and endanger the success of the party before the people.

The Constitution provides that if, when the electoral votes of the several States shall be counted in the presence of the Senate and the House of Representatives, it shall appear that no person has a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House shall immediately choose by ballot a President. In this proceeding the vote is taken by States, each State having one vote. As in the present House the Democrats have a majority of the Representatives from a majority of the States, these would, of course, cast their ballots for Mr. Cleveland, or some other person of their own political faith. It is to be added that if no person shall have a majority of all the electoral votes for the office of Vice-President, that officer must be chosen by the Senate. That body would, of course, choose Mr. Reid.

It will be interesting to watch the further development of the Democratic scheme of campaign, which certainly has some elements of wisdom, and embodies some measure of peril to Republicans. But there can hardly be a doubt that as it unfolds itself more distinctly the distrust and aversion of the more conservative portion of the Democracy will be deepened, and a serious revolt, in the States where fusion is attempted, may defeat the confident hopes of the schemers. In any event, we believe the Republican leaders will prove equal to any emergency which may arise, and hoist the Democracy, it may be, with their own petard.

## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

BASE-BALL has a strong hold upon the regard of Americans, and there is a certain dash about a good game that makes it somewhat characteristic of our people. It is much more spirited as a spectacle than a game of cricket, and as a contest is soon over, it may be played without making too great drafts upon the time of busy men. But there is one feature of the game that is not in the least



American in character, and it should be suppressed at once. We allude to the universal custom of disputing the decisions of the umpire and arguing the case as though a court were in session, a debating society at work, or a bar-room brawl in progress. In professional games, if the rules permit it, such disputes may be all very well and no harm done. But in contests between amateurs it is a different matter. An amateur sportsman is supposed to be a gentleman, and contests between them should naturally be friendly and conducted with the greatest courtesy and fairness. No gentleman wishes to take advantage of another, if he did he would no longer be worthy to be so classed.

These angry wranglings not only delay the play but create bad feeling, and are in every regard unworthy. We are told that on account of the prevalence of these disputes the umpire, even in amateur games, is hired at so much a day, as no self-respecting man would, without compensation, stand the abuse the umpire ordinarily receives. We fail to see how a five-dollar bill can plaster wounds such as those ordinarily inflicted on a base-ball umpire. Integrity has no price; honor needs no salve. Amateur base-ball players should take the medicine they receive at the hands of umpires in dignified silence, and make it possible for gentlemen to fill such posts without pay and for the mere love of sport.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF FACTS.

If the Democratic newspapers are to be believed the country is industrially and commercially in the worst possible condition. If we are to accept the statements of the People's party, as made at Omaha, we are already in the throes of dissolution. If, on the contrary, we are to accept the testimony of statistics, we are in infinitely better condition, materially, than any other people in the world. Certainly our individual prosperity is much greater than that of the people of free-trade Great Britain. The figures furnished by a recent census bulletin show that in 1890 there were in the almshouses of the United States, out of a total population of about 63,000,000, a total of 73,045 paupers. There were in addition 24,220 out-door paupers, or poor supported at public expense—making an aggregate of 97,265. In the same year there were in Great Britain and Ireland, when the United Kingdom had a total population of 37,740,000, a total of 975,590 paupers. That is to say, the United Kingdom, with one-half the population of the United States, had ten times as many paupers as were reported in this country. Certainly, if we are to judge from such testimony as this, it is the merest nonsense to say that the country is going to the dogs, or to claim that the doctrine of protection is not more beneficial in its operation than free trade.

Another fact which should be considered is that the great majority of our paupers come from the free-trade countries of Europe. Thus the almshouses of the North Atlantic States, which have only 27.79 per cent. of the total population of the country, contain nearly forty-three per cent. of all the paupers, while in the central division, which is not largely reached by immigration, with nearly eighteen per cent. of the total population, the paupers number less than seven per cent. The pauper immigration is stranded at and near the ports through which it pours in upon us. Another fact in the same connection is that only 29.46 per cent. of the white paupers are of native-born parents.

It will be difficult, we think, in view of the facts as to our condition, for the organs of the People's party to persuade the voters of the country that we are in such desperate straits as their platform asserts, or to convince our workmen that the condition of their fellows in free-trade England is preferable to their own prosperous state under the protective system which the Republican party has established and seeks to maintain.

#### AERONAUTIC SHOWS.

On every summer holiday, and especially on the Fourth of July, we hear of serious accidents resulting from balloon ascensions. There was rather a larger crop on the last Independence Day than usual, and several lives were lost in various parts of the country. The art of aeronautics has not made great advance, though serious scientific men have long maintained that a safe method of traveling in the air would some day be devised. Experiments in the interests of science, even when accompanied by a loss of life, are entirely justifiable. The same may be said of balloon ascensions in time of war, even though the art be not further advanced than at present. But the ordinary balloon ascent as a show is barbarous. We do not permit gladiatorial contests or any other shows where life is endangered needlessly. What is the difference between a fight in the arena between men, who risk life against life, and that of the ignorant aeronaut whose whole equipment is foolhardy daring? The only thing that makes a balloon ascent thrilling as a spectacle is the probability of an accident. If it were entirely safe to go up in a balloon thousands of people would not crowd into Boston Common to see an ascent. The danger to the balloonists is what makes the spectacle attractive as a show. A hanging would draw even a larger crowd. But enlightened public

opinion has declared that executions should no longer be public shows. And so it should be with balloon ascensions until scientific men have solved the problem of making a balloon trip reasonably safe.

#### PERNICIOUS JOURNALISM.

No New York newspaper has displayed a more venomous spirit in dealing with the Homestead troubles than the *New York World*. It has sought throughout to inflame the passions of the working classes by intimations and charges wholly unworthy of a respectable journal. Seizing the fact that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is now temporarily residing abroad upon property which he has honestly acquired, it has indulged in malignant sneers and innuendoes, intimating that he has wrung his wealth from under-paid operatives; that the troubles at Homestead were the natural outcome of his tyranny and injustice, etc. The editor of that paper evidently forgets that its own proprietor resides abroad most of the time in the enjoyment of the wealth which he has acquired in this country. He evidently forgets that if Mr. Carnegie has his so-called castle in Scotland, Mr. Pulitzer has his costly yacht, and indulges himself at will in other pleasures which the world has never thought of challenging. Most people will agree with us that if it is a crime in Mr. Carnegie to acquire and enjoy wealth, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is equally criminal with him.

The *World* apparently maintains, with Senator Palmer, of Illinois, that capital has no rights; that the workingman may fairly demand permanence of employment, and that a manufacturing establishment is a public institution, in the control of which the owners should properly have no voice whatever. What would that newspaper do if its logic should be applied to itself? Mr. Pulitzer gives more or less constant employment to a staff of so-called "space-workers." Suppose that in the exigencies of his business he should see fit to reduce the rates paid for this style of work, and that the persons employed, refusing to accept the rate offered them, should undertake to prevent others from taking their places. What would he do in the premises? Suppose that, furthermore, the discarded contributors should then undertake to prevent his control of his own property by establishing a cordon of armed guards around it. Would he regard such a proceeding as falling within the rights of his employes? Suppose that these latter should undertake to justify their course by the argument that a newspaper is a public institution. He could hardly deny that it is as much so as a manufacturing establishment. Would he accept the situation with alert eagerness, and acquiesce in the enforced subserviency to the behests of persons arrogating to themselves this supreme sovereignty in the case? We suspect that the proprietor of the *World* would very promptly rebel against the application of the principle which he insists must be applied to the Homestead works. He would promptly and rightfully invoke all the authority of the law and, if the constabulary should fail him, all such outside re-enforcement as might be necessary to vindicate his rights and protect his interests.

The *World* is too great a paper to lend itself to the promotion of any such dangerous principles as it has enunciated with reference to this subject. It has in past days exerted a great influence. It cannot do so in the future if it shall undertake to play the demagogue for the promotion of petty partisan ends. A really great journal will never make itself the instrument of mob violence or employ its influence for the overthrow of social order.

#### MUGWUMP INCONSISTENCY.

It is a little difficult to understand the average mugwump newspaper. For years the staple complaint of the organs of mugwump opinion has been that politics were degraded by the spoils system, and we have found them clamoring for the elevation of the civil service along the lines of integrity and capacity. Now we find them vigorously supporting the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, who achieved his main distinction as the "headsmen" of the Cleveland administration, and who, during his whole political career, has been the apologist of the doctrine that the spoils belong to the victors.

These same mugwump newspapers have pretended great solicitude for the maintenance of an honest financial policy, but they find it easy to give their support to this same candidate for office in face of the fact that he was tainted with the greenback heresy, was an earnest advocate of the repeal of the specie-resumption act, and stands upon a platform which demands the restoration of the wild-cat money system. One is tempted to believe, in view of the facts here stated, that our mugwump contemporaries are less concerned for their own consistency than for the triumph of the party whose principles they have uniformly professed to detest.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The mugwump does not appear to be any more popular with the English voter than he is with the average American. In British politics the Liberal Unionist stands for the class represented here by the mugwump, who

imagines himself to possess all political righteousness. In the recent election many of these mugwump candidates for Parliament have been defeated. The indications are that they will become as scarce in the English Parliament as they have become in the American Congress.

It is not surprising that the opponents of the Stewart Free-silver bill in the Senate are somewhat strongly condemning Vice-President Morton for his absence at the time this bill was finally acted upon. His vote would at one stage of the consideration have prevented the passage of the obnoxious bill. No other such opportunity to be of service to his country and party has been afforded him.

We notice that the tide of immigration continues to pour in upon us with unabated volume. It is a little surprising that this should be the case in view of the statement of the Democratic newspapers that the country is on the down grade to irremediable ruin. One would suppose that the victims of foreign free-trade conditions would scarcely wish to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

PROBABLY no one incident of the English elections has given greater satisfaction than the defeat of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in the Lambeth district. Mr. Stanley seems to have botched his canvass from the first, and it is not difficult to understand the pleasure with which his overthrow was greeted by the Liberals, whose principles he had assailed with singular unwisdom. Stanley appears to have had great confidence in his success, and when apprised of the result is described as having gone into a state of collapse. Mr. Stanley's political career affords another proof that a man may be successful in adventure, in literature or art, or in some particular field of enterprise requiring dash and tenacity of purpose, yet in politics prove himself the merest imbecile.

THE *New York Sun* indulges in some plain speech as to the folly of the Democracy in expecting to deceive the people as to the party animus by mere professions. In a recent article it said that "the failure of the Democratic majority in the Fifty-seventh Congress to put itself into strong contrast with the Republican majority of the Fifty-first Congress has increased a hundred fold the difficulty of the task before the party in the coming Congressional elections." "The majority as a body have conspicuously and shamefully failed," it added, "to redeem the pledges of the campaign of 1890, or to perform the high commission of retrenchment and reform on which they were sent to Washington." The absolute truthfulness of this statement gives it peculiar emphasis. The Democratic newspapers may as well understand that no amount of bluster will divert public attention from the disgraceful record which the party has made as to the whole matter of fiscal legislation.

THE People's Convention at Omaha appears to have abounded in humorous incidents. It was characterized throughout by a spirit of jollity which seems strangely out of place in a convention called to deal with the grave problems which it had under consideration. Mixed with its humorous inclinations was a tendency to profanity and irreverence. The Connecticut delegation, for instance, carried a banner inscribed, "Congress be damned." This was very naturally declared by some of the good people of the convention to be unworthy of such a place and occasion. The truth appears to be, as the *St. Louis Democrat* report declares, that the convention was composed of broken-down, disheartened, and disappointed old men and young men below the average of intelligence and without any standing in their communities. These controlled the convention, and this probably accounts for the fact that its proceedings were characterized by so many absurdities.

This is emphatically the age of conventions. One of the most unique of which we have record was the congress of Catholic Sioux Indians, recently held at the Cheyenne River agency in South Dakota. Of the six thousand Sioux some three thousand were present, and the exercises, for the most part of a religious character, were full of interest. A feature of the convention was the celebration of the Holy Communion, all the Indians participating. Of these nearly one-half were in their native costumes, presenting a spectacle of unusual picturesqueness. During the convention the American flag floated over every tent, and in a parade on the first day the stars and stripes were borne side by side with the banner of St. Joseph. The camps were patrolled by two hundred Indian policemen under the command of a chief who took four scalps in Custer's war. Other well-known warriors who had achieved distinction by their hostility to the whites, and who are now ranked as converts of the Catholic Church, were conspicuous in the congress. Whatever may be the fact as to the spiritual state of these Sioux Indians, it is certainly a remarkable circumstance that so many of them should convene under religious auspices to consider purely religious topics.





HON. ROBERT E. PATTISON, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA  
PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTKUNST.



H. C. FRICK, CHAIRMAN OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY.  
[SEE PAGE 67.]





*"I have come to you for some advice."*

## PROFESSOR WINTERS.

By LYNN R. MEEKINS.

**N**EAR the front of the hall was a large tree, and under it a group of seniors had lingered after the recitation. The day's work was over, and there was none of the rush of the earlier hours. They had gossiped a few minutes when a tall, smooth-faced gentleman emerged from the building and sauntered coolly by.

"Good afternoon, professor."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

He bowed his head slightly as he spoke, in acknowledgment of the salutation, but showed no emotion whatever in the formality. His placid face seemed fixed in an expression of exact complacency. It was hard to analyze it, but if there was anything in it of a characteristic sort it was a hazy suggestion of a far-away smile, a kind of skeptical appreciation of the humorous absurdity of life and living. The man himself did not walk, in the proper meaning of the word. He moved as if propelled by an interior machine that had been well oiled and that did its work in its own peculiar way. When he passed it was an easy matter for the gossips to take up his name and sport with it.

"I wonder," said Ohio, "if Professor Winters ever had an emotion beyond a placid smile, and—"

"A smile is not an emotion, it is an expression," interrupted Pennsylvania.

"I think that he has," put in New York, seriously. "I believe he is a man of deep feeling, only he does not show it. The calmest are often the tenderest—with the warmest impulses."

"And now is the Winters of our discontent made glorious summer by this Duke of York, or words to that effect," said Ohio, and the group smiled obligingly.

"All the same," said New York again, "I believe that Winters is a man of more heart than any of you give him credit for."

"Oh come, now," interrupted Ohio, "don't be ridiculous. Old Winters probably has an anatomical mainspring that he winds once a week, or he may have a storage battery that he charges every ten days, but it is all bosh to say he has such a thing in him as a heart."

"I was not speculating," said New York, "but was speaking from experience. I went to him the other day on a little matter

on which I wanted some impartial advice, and he gave me just the assistance I needed, and I came away stronger for having gone to him. He is a gentleman and a scholar, all wool and a yard or so wide."

A young man, tall and dark-haired, strong of limb, with melancholy, clear-cut features, which are oftentimes called classic, had listened to the conversation with increasing interest. When he heard this last sentence he moved off and sauntered down the grove in the direction the professor had taken. He looked as if he was trying to solve a doubt; then he seemed to pull himself together more vigorously and swung out his arms and went forward in a brisk walk.

In five minutes he was at the residence of Professor Winters. He found the professor at home. Knowing that Mr. Winters was one of the most industrious men of the faculty, and, in addition to his large work, a constant contributor to periodicals and a rapid worker in everything he undertook, it seemed strange to find such perfect system in the working-room, and it increased the impression that Professor Winters was a higher development



of a human machine in which ordinary emotions and weaknesses had no place. The professor turned from his desk by the window and asked his visitor to be seated.

"This is Mr. Hall, of the senior class, I believe."

The young man bowed, paused a moment after sitting down, and then, in a clear, straightforward voice, said, "Professor, I have come to you for some advice. I am very anxious to finish my course and get my degree, but there are certain circumstances at home which make it doubtful, if not impossible. The trouble is a lack of finances. I do not think my father will be able to keep me here another term. I have no resources of my own, nor do I know of any one to whom I could apply, and I came to ask you if you will suggest to me any way by which I may earn enough to graduate. I came to you because I thought you would give me practical advice and not because I wished any sympathy."

As soon as the last six words had been uttered Hall would have given anything to recall them, but it was too late, and the professor was smiling as if appreciating them.

"Perhaps," he said, "you are one of those who believe that sympathy is the weakness of women and the luxury of the rich."

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Hall. "I think it is sometimes very manly and often very strengthening, but in a case of dollars and cents it is rather—rather—"

"Inadequate."

"Thank you. It doesn't give one enough substance to stand on, and just now I need something solid."

"Well, we will eliminate sympathy as a factor in the problem; but you will let me say that I think it would be a great pity for you to be obliged to give up at this time when your chances for success seem so excellent. In the first place, are you sure that your father will not be able to bear the expenses of the remainder of the term? They will not be heavy."

"He has not said so, but I am expecting every day to hear it. My sister has had to give up her school position in order to nurse those at home, and I know that father has debts to meet. I have tried to do something in the way of writing, but my articles will not be paid for until they are published."

The professor smiled. "We will also eliminate that. Have you thought of anything else?"

"It seems to me that I have thought of everything, and—nothing."

"Could you not borrow enough from some of your friends at home? You will soon be able to pay it back."

"I know of no one, and besides that, my father, as I said before, has debts which must be met. He has sacrificed and the family have sacrificed comforts to keep me here, and since the fever came in the house I know that they need every cent of the income, which is not large in such a place as Waverly."

"Waverly? By the way, is my old friend Pindar there now?"

"Yes, sir. He is at the head of the high school."

"I cannot understand Pindar. He was the brightest man of our class, and yet he buries himself in a town."

"Waverly is a pleasant place to be buried in," said Hall loyally, but somewhat ambiguously.

"Doubtless it is; but a man of his ability has no right to bury himself anywhere. It seems to me that Pindar ought to be willing to help you out."

"There are certain circumstances that make this impossible," said Hall, coloring a little.

"As I understand it, then," continued the professor, "you are not absolutely sure that you cannot stay here. That being the case, my advice to you is to wait until you hear something definite from your father. You naturally feel sorry that your family is making certain sacrifices for you, but you should remember that you will be able to doubly repay all that has been done if you are graduated and do as well as your career here promises."

"Thank you, professor," said Hall, as he arose.

"Suppose you let me know as soon as you do hear."

"I will, with pleasure, and I thank you again."

Before Hall had got out of the room the professor had returned to his work, and as the young man glanced back through the closing door he saw him writing away as if nothing had interrupted his labors.

Hall carried a very heavy heart that week. He saw Professor Winters in the recitation-room, and late Friday afternoon he saw him going toward the station with a satchel, but he had no conversation with him. The letters from home were brief bulletins of the condition

of the sick. "As to that other matter, my son," said a postscript, "I cannot tell until next week."

Monday arrived, and with it the resumption of the routine.

Tuesday morning Professor Winters had a visitor.

"You must pardon me," said Hall, "I received a letter in the early mail, and the news was so good that I had to come to tell you. It's all right. I can finish my course."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the professor.

Hall's joy was too great, apparently, to be subdued by the impervious tranquillity of Mr. Winters. In his enthusiasm he pulled out the letter.

"You must let me read what father writes," he said.

"It seems to me, my son, that Providence has a way of stepping in just when hope seems well nigh hopeless, and of making all things right. How it happened or who was the instrument of it, I do not know and cannot tell, but the matters which pressed most have been lifted and you can finish your course." And look, professor, at this postscript!—it is by my sister—"It has done us more good than all the doctors and all the medicines. God bless you!"

The professor's composure was lightened by an indefinite smile, and he repeated, "I am very glad to hear it."

"I thought you would be, and that's why I came to tell you," replied Hall.

"If you will wait a moment I will walk over to the hall with you," said the professor.

As they went Professor Winters questioned Hall as to his plans after graduation. "I have only one suggestion to make," he said, as they were parting, "and that is do not decide too hastily. Do not commit yourself to a place when better opportunities may occur. If you come to me before you decide I shall be glad to do what I can to help you."

Hall thanked him and said that he would follow his advice.

There was the usual scene on commencement-day—crowds of pretty girls in summer dresses showing smiles and compliments on restless young men; groups of proud parents trying to feel comfortable, and some of them feeling very uncomfortable in the effort; assortments of styles and faces from the four points of the compass; professors unbending their dignity and condescending to anecdote and repartee; flowers for the favorites, and general impatience to do and to see and to hear, and to have it all over with and rush away to dinner—with bright words for everybody, a little gossip in the corners, and a plenty of romance under the trees, and the whispering of vows that were to be forgotten before the summer flirtations reached the middle of August.

In the audience everybody was nervous to see, and on the stage everybody was nervous about being seen. Each actor in the little drama of the day had his admirers, and everybody but the garrulous old graduate who had come back to find that he antedated modern history had "somebody to love a little bit and to applaud very much."

Most of them looked at Professor Winters, who had leaped higher into fame because he had been selected to fill the presidency of a rich university which a Western plutocrat had established out of the proceeds of pork; but they could not get up much enthusiasm for him because, as one of them expressed it, he was "enveloped too heavily in his own refrigeration."

And, after all, a professor isn't much on commencement-day, except as a figure on the platform to fill up the background. Moreover, the proceedings had begun, and as the orators one by one went through their greatest efforts they were the heroes, and they got the applause and the attention and the flowers. The proceedings moved, as all commencement proceedings do, with a sublime disregard of the hardness of the benches or of the flight of time. And when they were nearing the conclusion everybody was intellectually gorged and otherwise hungry.

But when the valedictory was reached most of them forgot their hunger, or pretended that they did, and welcomed the tall young man with the classic face most heartily.

Everybody, too, seemed to applaud—everybody but an old gentleman and a young lady who sat beside him, whose delinquency was fully made up by a well-conditioned man sitting next to them, who clapped his fat hands until his face was beaded with perspiration.

Henry Hall was such a fine fellow, and had won the valedictory honors so well, that all his classmates indorsed his fame, and as he stood before the audience, graceful and self-possessed, the demonstrations were really fine. He saw his father settle himself for the test; he saw

his sister bend forward as if wanting to inspire him for his ordeal, and he read in the genial face of Professor Pindar something which appeared to say, "My boy, the Waverly High School is with you."

And then, when the quiet came, he began. His oration was on "Optimism as a Force of Civilization." He spoke well. In a minute he said something that brought forth a ripple of applause. This gave him confidence, and the confidence was increased when he saw that he had the complete attention of his audience. He continued admirably. The next applause was more general and more generous, and it got better all along. The points in his address were well placed, and each one scored. When he closed the assemblage responded beautifully, giving him a demonstration that eclipsed anything of the day.

The little group was happy. Professor Pindar beamed like an aurora borealis. Miss Hall was pale at the beginning, but when the applause sealed her brother's triumph she turned to her father with a big red spot in each cheek and a moist uneasiness around her eyes, and the Rev. Dr. Hall, not trusting to speech, let his big hand fall at his side, where it clasped a smaller hand in an expression of joy that meant more than all the syllables in the language.

When the benediction was pronounced and the band began to play, the group, led by Professor Pindar, made their way to the stage. Henry Hall met them, and Professor Pindar, slapping him on the back and exclaiming "Good boy," kept on until he laid his hand on the shoulder of his old classmate.

"Winters," he said, "I want you," and before Winters could object he was pulled along and brought face to face with the group.

"Dr. Hall—Professor Winters. Miss Hall—Professor Winters," and as Mr. Winters bowed Pindar continued: "You are going to dine with us. You promised, you know. We positively won't eat without you, and I am as hungry as a menagerie."

"Well," replied Professor Winters, "as I have an appointment with Mr. Hall I shall be glad to go with you, provided you let us two walk together and get our talk over before the festivities begin." It was agreed, and off they started.

The party had a table to themselves. Pindar presided, and somehow in the arrangement of the guests, which was no arrangement at all beyond the accidental taking of seats, Professor Winters and Miss Hall were in conversational proximity. Everybody was happy, and compliments and congratulations were heaped upon the graduate until his blushes threatened to take away his appetite.

"It's the same old thing, this commencement experience," said Pindar: "the same old thing, except new faces and new fashions."

"And yet it always has a fresh interest," said Dr. Hall. "A commencement is more than anything else an epoch in life—about the only epoch that some of us have. All the other things are incidents."

"Of course," Professor Winters was saying to Miss Hall, "I shall be sorry to leave. It has been pleasant here, and one gets attached to a place even when its personnel is constantly changing. A college is something like a great big mill, that grinds out graduates, but the miller and the assistant millers love the mill even though the grist is constantly going away."

Pindar said something about chaff, but it made no impression, because Miss Hall was speaking.

"I know that Henry will be sorry to part with you," she said, "for he has mentioned you so often in his letters that we all felt as if we were acquainted with you."

Henry and the professor changed glances and smiled, and when the smile seemed to beget an air of mystery Henry ended it by saying:

"Professor Winters has offered me a position in his new university—an under-professorship."

Then there were volleys of questions and replies, and when Henry said "Yes, I have accepted," Pindar spread out his hands and exclaimed, "Bless you, my children!" Then, leaning his elbows on the table, which he should not have done, he interlocked his fingers, and continued with unnatural seriousness:

"There are secrets that should be kept forever inviolable, and there are secrets that outlive the rights of secrecy. Perhaps you folks did not know that a certain pedagogue named Winters surreptitiously came to Waverly about five months ago and did certain things that enabled a certain young man to graduate. Of course I promised him never to tell, but what's a promise among friends?"

"Pindar," said Winters, "you are a traitor."

The effect was peculiar. Dr. Hall laid down his fork and gazed at the professor. Henry Hall blushed still more deeply, and Miss Hall's

eyes filled up again with the moist uneasiness, but something was added to it.

In the conversation which followed Winters ruined the reputation of a lifetime. He lost his composure entirely.

"Now, please don't thank me," he said, nervously. "It was a small matter—simply taking up a note and waiting a few months longer for payment. I was selfish about it. I saw Mr. Hall's ability, and I wanted him to go with me in our new university. I'll take him for security, and really I must soon be going; and, Miss Hall, if you are ready I'll be very glad to show you the buildings."

In the last week in August, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York sat smoking on the veranda of a hotel in the Adirondacks. They had met that day after spending the summer at various resorts. When the talk drifted back to college days, Ohio remarked:

"I see that Winters is getting a strong faculty for his new university. By the way"—this to New York—"did you ever find out whether or not Winters really had a heart?"

"I think," replied New York, "that you had better ask Hall's sister."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do mean it, and it's a very funny story. I passed through Waverly a few weeks ago on a coaching trip and was told all about it. Winters has an old classmate there who was courting Miss Hall with a great deal of industry. Well, Winters made him a visit and cut him out. It was a pretty mean thing to do, and it proved to me that while Winters may have a heart he has no soul. No man with a soul could play such a trick on a friend."

#### SWEET CLOVER.

You gave me a bunch of clover,  
One beautiful summer day;  
In a little secret drawer  
I carefully laid it away.

There were "other little trifles,"  
Trifles? I tell you nay;  
For love holds the balance truly,  
And diamonds they outweigh.

A bit of old-fashioned ribbon,  
Faded, discolored and gray;  
An image a child had moulded  
Out of some common clay.

A tangled, broken shoe-string;  
A leaf that had blown astray,  
A child "made believe was birdie,"  
As children will do in play.

The ribbon my mother treasured,  
It tied her lover's nosegay;  
The shoe-string my baby tangled,  
He went to heaven that day.

Your bunch of dried sweet clover  
Is sacred even as they,—  
For, like mother and our dear baby,  
Sweetheart, you could not stay.

To-day I opened the drawer,  
The sweet clover seemed to say,  
"As my dry leaves keep my perfume,  
Love hold its own for aye."

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

#### ART IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT.

THE dingy, four-storied brick building on the northwest corner of Grand and Allen streets is a typical structure "for business purposes" in that turbulent and teeming East Side district. The elevated railroad trains thunder past its windows, and Grand Street's ceaseless tide of traffic surges by in front. In the basement is a beer saloon, and on the ground floor a store, while the upper stories are devoted to work-rooms and storage. The most conspicuous thing about the exterior of the building, at the present time, is the announcement, lettered on large white streamers, of a "Free Loan Exhibition of Paintings" in the large upper rooms. Mounting to these improvised galleries, the astonished visitor is greeted with the sight of a hundred or more unmistakable works of art—art of the most refined and the most modern, signed by some of the foremost contemporary names in Europe and America—hung in two adjoining rooms otherwise bare, but having seats placed at convenient points of view, together with elaborate provision for electric illumination at night. The catalogue, furnished gratis, is elegantly printed on fine paper, and its plan of arrangement is similar to that of the one issued by the *Pall Mall Gazette* for visitors to the British National Gallery in London. This plan consists in giving, with the title of each picture, a concise biographical notice of the painter, with an indication of his actual standing before contemporary criticism, and a helpful explanatory note about the particular work on view. This makes an ideal catalogue for popular use, the like of which our Metropolitan Museum of Art does not, but ought to, supply for the use and instruction of the multitudes who weekly visit that institution.



What means, then, this interesting novelty, this seemingly Quixotic enterprise, of opening a sumptuous art-display in the squalid Philistia of the East Side? It is the initial exploitation here of an idea which has been already triumphantly realized in London by enthusiastic missionaries of the Robert Elsmere stamp. Men of college culture and liberal ideas of social reform take up their abode in the slums and practically identify their own lives with those of the people whom they mean to elevate. They utilize the local labor and other organizations by fraternizing and co-operating with their leaders. Such is the University Settlement Society, of New York City, branches of which have already been in operation here, in an experimental way, for some years past. The present art exhibition was, no doubt, prompted by the success of the similar "Whitechapel shows" in London. While the credit for its inception and promotion is primarily due to the University Settlement Society, the affair is actually under the management of the "East Side Art League," which is composed of representatives from the Neighborhood Guild, the Rivington Street College Settlement, the Down-town Labor Lyceum, the Hebrew Institute, Chadwick Civic Club, Friendly Circle, Choral Society, and other educational and labor organizations of the district. The Managing Committee consists of Messrs. Philip Kranz, editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*; Charles B. Stover, Bernard Weinstein, Lazarus Koppenheim, Louis Storker, Edward King, J. K. Paulding, J. M. Goodale, and Theodore Miller. This committee, having interested in the scheme a number of wealthy New Yorkers who own private collections of paintings, were enabled to borrow temporarily for the exhibition nearly a hundred first-class and valuable works. A number of pen-and-ink and wash drawings by well-known illustrators were also lent by the Messrs. Harpers and the Century Company. The collection represents a high figure in money value, and has been independently insured by the League for \$125,000.

This exhibition, thrown open to the East-Side public at a season when the demand for free ice would seem to be more imperative than that for free art, and when the Fifth Avenue galleries put up their shutters, has nevertheless proved a popular success. School children and their teachers come by dozens in the afternoon. Shop-girls look in on their way home from work, and in the evening all classes of the neighborhood's population are numerously represented. The visitors, courteously welcomed and conducted about by members of the reception committee, thoroughly enjoy the artistic treat. They may gaze upon the limpid loveliness of a Corot, a Cazin, or a Daubigny landscape; Gerôme's masterly "Roman Augurs"; Lefebvre's exquisite "Beatrice"; Jean Béraud's Parisian boulevard scene; Perrault's Italian children, and one of Gabriel Max's living heads; an admirable still-life by Vollon; Frederick Remington's vivid "Dash for the Timber," and a large number of other first-rate American pictures, by such painters as Huntington, Sanford R. Gifford, Jervis McEntee, Bierstadt, Chase, Wiggins, J. G. Brown, and others. Some of these works have figured in famous galleries and notable sales; but they never elicited more spontaneous admiration than is accorded them nightly down in Allen Street. Nearly all the visitors avail themselves of the privilege of voting upon their favorite picture, and it will be both instructive and interesting to see in what direction their preferences run.

#### THE SCRAP-BOOK AS AN EDUCATOR.

THE American college of a generation ago taught its students many things which had to be unlearned as soon as they reached the outer world. The trouble was that the professors were not men of the world; but, rather, men who devoted themselves to study without gaining a practical knowledge of what was necessary to reach success outside. The situation is better in the college of to-day; but there is still need of throwing away much of the old material that is dead and the replacing of it by knowledge that will be of more practical benefit. The modern student has what the student of a generation ago lacked—reading-rooms, gymnasiums, manual training, and many other aids to the more natural development both of body and of mind.

And yet, even with the more advanced institutions, there is still lacking a kind of instruction which the student must have before his work in the world becomes valuable or lucrative. With the limited resources at the command of nearly every college it is too much to ask that a branch of instruction shall be opened that may be devoted to the consideration of the current topics of the day. While much instruction of this

nature can be imparted by a professor who is well versed in what is transpiring everywhere, yet the limits of the curriculum are such that he cannot devote much of his time to more practical things. We should be thankful, at least, for the improvement; and we should trust that there may be still more changes for the better in this particular line.

For the present generation, therefore, there seems to be no apparent prospect of immediate improvement by the instructors in the colleges, or in the schools and academies that naturally lead up to them. We are driven to the conclusion that any immediate benefit to the student must come largely through his own resources and exertions. A lazy or a dissipated student cannot be expected to inform himself thoroughly upon what the world is doing; and yet many students of this kind are the best-informed men in their classes, because they neglect their studies and read the daily papers instead. To the painstaking student, however, who wishes to qualify himself upon the current topics of the day, a few hints of a practical nature may be of some benefit.

First of all, one of the chief aids to the full understanding of what is transpiring is the possession of the best and most comprehensive cyclopædia that can be found. Some of the cyclopædias continue their investigations beyond the printing of their "latest edition," by issuing an annual volume giving a history of the most important events within a single year. Such volumes should be eagerly read by the thorough student. But even with the possession of cyclopædias brought down to the latest date, there is much which cannot be understood except through the medium of the daily press. Several of the best newspapers in the country should be taken; and their contents should be read and thoroughly digested every day. Of course the conscientious student will allow no opportunity to pass of engaging in conversation all the specialists whom he meets and absorbing from them their latest acquisitions.

Even with all this care, the student will often find himself at a loss to know just what the latest political movement in Italy, for instance, means. It is to cover precisely such a case as this that the writer has a further suggestion to make, which is based upon his long experience in preparing matter for the daily press. If the student, as he reads the papers, will mark with a blue pencil each article that he thinks will be of future value, together with the date of the same, he may file his clippings away systematically, so that he can refer to them at a moment's notice. This is a practical application of the old saying that next to knowing a thing absolutely is knowing where information upon it can be found.

After cutting the clippings from several hundred newspapers the student will find himself embarrassed with a mass of information that he does not know how to use. He should then provide himself with perhaps one hundred large white envelopes of the size that is used for documents. It will not be necessary for him to number the envelopes at first; but if he continues the scheme for several years, or for his life-time, it will be found convenient to send for printed numbers that can be fastened upon the envelopes after the manner of postage stamps. For a beginning, however, it will do for him to indorse upon the envelopes headings like this: "Politics of the United States," "Politics of France," etc. By a proper grouping of the smaller countries into single covers, twenty-five envelopes will readily cover the political situation in every country of the world. The same plan can be followed for the history of the respective nations; and another set might be prepared to contain travels in the several countries. The plan, to be comprehensive, should also include every leading topic of the day. Here it will occur to the student that there is a great field for watching subjects that will be of constantly growing interest, not only to himself, but to others. The religious world may also be considered, and any proposed changes in creeds or in church government will be worth saving. Leading discoveries and inventions should not be neglected.

Should the thin white envelopes prove too small to hold the accumulated clippings upon any subject, what are known as box envelopes, of thick manilla paper, can be substituted, and the white envelopes destroyed. The indorsements upon the envelopes are well enough until perhaps one hundred of them have been filled. With any number larger than one hundred the indorsements should be dropped and numbers placed upon the corner of each envelope. A small alphabetical index, giving to each subject the number of the envelope, will be found very handy.

With a systematic scheme of this sort the student in any school or college will find him-

self, on graduating, in possession of many facts that would have been lost to him if he had not taken the pains to save them. Afterward, if he wishes, for his own satisfaction or the satisfaction of others, to refer to any particular subject, he can do so with the greatest ease. He will also find himself in possession of a great mass of material on the current topics of the day that will pay him well for all his time and trouble; and this will go a long way toward making up for the deficiency that he must, sooner or later, see in any college curriculum that is in existence to-day.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

#### IN FASHION'S GLASS.

IN London and Paris, Fashion fairly exhausts herself for the race meetings. Ascot and Goodwood for London, and Chantilly or Auteuil for Paris. Here in New York no particular stress is laid upon a costume for Morris Park or Monmouth, but we wear whatever we happen to have on hand that is becoming. It was strange to note, in reading reports of the costumes worn by the nobility at Ascot, how upon nearly every dress there was a touch of black satin ribbon. In fact, black satin is daily growing in favor, and is being combined with every sort of costume. It has not as yet become common, and last season it would have seemed strange indeed to have a white serge dress trimmed with black satin, but the effect is really pretty. A most fetching costume is a white serge skirt bound with black satin, and a white serge coat faced and lined with the same, worn over an accordion-pleated skirt of yellow crêpe. Another, quite as "swagger," is a frock of guipure lace over carnation-pink silk, with a ruche of pink and black at the edge of the skirt. The sash and balloon sleeves are of black satin. Velvet sleeves are quite the craze of the fashionable, and for the most part are of shot velvet. The favorite style of making white dresses is with a short Spanish jacket of embroidery, and velvet sleeves of any color which is in harmony with the embroidery.

Striped silks and grenadines are among the



A MIDSUMMER GOWN.

idols of the fashionable hour, and one of the most charming examples was a dress of striped silk with a ground of pale Nile green, with lines of green and white, and pink and red upon it. The skirt is simple, and trimmed around the edge with tiny bows of "baby" ribbon matching these stripes. The bodice has a deep yoke-piece graduated to a point in the waist, made full of a soft pink silk, and covered with a lace bib.

An art critic who thinks he can tell women what they should wear, objects to our open-work straw hats, as "they fail to cast that transparent, pearly shadow which is so becoming to a young face, and they produce a curious effect by throwing a pattern over the face, so that it gives a damsel the appearance of being faintly tattooed." This of course would transpire when she is walking in the broad sunlight; but where is the damsel who walks out in the broad glare of day without a parasol, when this article is so varied and so plentiful? Indeed the open-work straw hats, both large and small, are eminently picturesque. An example of the smaller shapes is illustrated in the charming little toque, which is garnished with a bouquet of flowers of all sorts—lavender, buttercups, larkspur, and the like—in very fine coloring,



A STRAW CAPOTE.

with a pretty edge of Irish guipure around the straw brim, which is in color *mordorée* a reddish brown. A quaint novelty from Paris is a little bonnet called the "Savoyard," which is "pottle-crowned," with the sides square above the ears. It has a twist of velvet around the crown, turned into loops in the front, above which emerges a "Mephisto" aigrette of jet. A large, picturesque hat of leghorn, of the "flop" order, is trimmed underneath with black velvet, having on the crown and high at the back clusters of velvet roses in all shades—pale pink, pale yellow, and deep red—surmounted by an aigrette of jetted cock's feathers.

Among the most effective gowns for midsummer are those of soft, transparent fabrics in wool, or silk and wool combined. There is a revival of barège, which is very effective, but frail, as it will tear at the slightest strain. Crêpon is perhaps the most satisfactory of all these light woollens, which is illustrated to advantage in the midsummer gown, made in bright gold-colored crêpon, with appliques of guipure d'art, which is a most successful result of the modiste's ingenuity. Another exquisite costume in gold color is in silk grenadine, so gold that it looks as if it were tinsel, and has a woven border of black satin stripes. The bodice is drawn into a soft belt of black satin, and the sleeves are made of the striped border.

ELLA STARR.

#### THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

AT this writing the English elections are not yet concluded, but the results already attained leave no doubt that Mr. Gladstone will have a working majority in the new Parliament. This majority will not be as great as was anticipated, many of the constituencies having disappointed the Liberals' expectations. On the other hand, the Conservatives have suffered defeats in localities where they expected to sweep the board. The divisions in some of the Irish constituencies, where the Parnellites insisted upon running candidates, have resulted in some losses to the Gladstone party. The Liberals have made very decided gains in London, and have proved especially strong in the rural districts. The labor issue has developed special prominence, and the victory will compel Mr. Gladstone to give attention to that as well as to the home-rule question. While the local contests have been in progress as the polls, the contest on the platform has been kept up with unabated vigor, notably by Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian. Of him Mr. George W. Smalley writes to the *Tribune*: "The veteran orator has made many speeches, each of considerable length, all of them amazing in vigor, in variety, in eloquence, in ingenuity, and in the steadfastness with which the great party leader fixes his mind on facts which make for his own side. He is fighting a great battle. He is fighting for what is dearer to him than life, for what he firmly believes to be a great and just cause. He carries away audiences. He is received and dismissed with enthusiasm wherever he goes; perhaps a little less enthusiasm than of old, but with enough. He has never been more personal, and never attacked even Lord Beaconsfield with more asperity than he now attacks Salisbury."

In his final speech in Midlothian Mr. Gladstone said that the polls completely convinced him that the great majority of the British were in their hearts friends of the Irish cause. "Pray let it be remembered that the number of Liberal members returned, decisive as their voice would be, would not represent the full development of Liberal power, because certain fractions of that power have been in the hands of gentlemen who thought it wise to use it to defeat their own ends. Without further anticipating the result of the elections, I will go so far as to say, if the result is the accession of a Liberal government to power, it will be the duty of that government, first, to consider carefully the entire situation; second, to apply itself to the discharge of its great and diversified works with energy and courage." The responsibility of continuing the home-rule controversy, he declared, rested with the nation; for now the nation voted and ruled, and upon the nation would be the honor of victory or the shame and disgrace of failure.

As to the labor problems, which would become, as soon as Ireland was out of the way, the main object, taken in the aggregate, for the attention of statesmen and Parliament, he thought that it would be a real advance if, by some harmonious measure—some measure not likely to set the mining class at variance with itself—they could make some progress toward allowing a limitation of work in the nature of local limitation, according to the views and convictions which might prevail.

It is expected that Mr. Gladstone will promptly introduce and press his home-rule measure in the Commons.



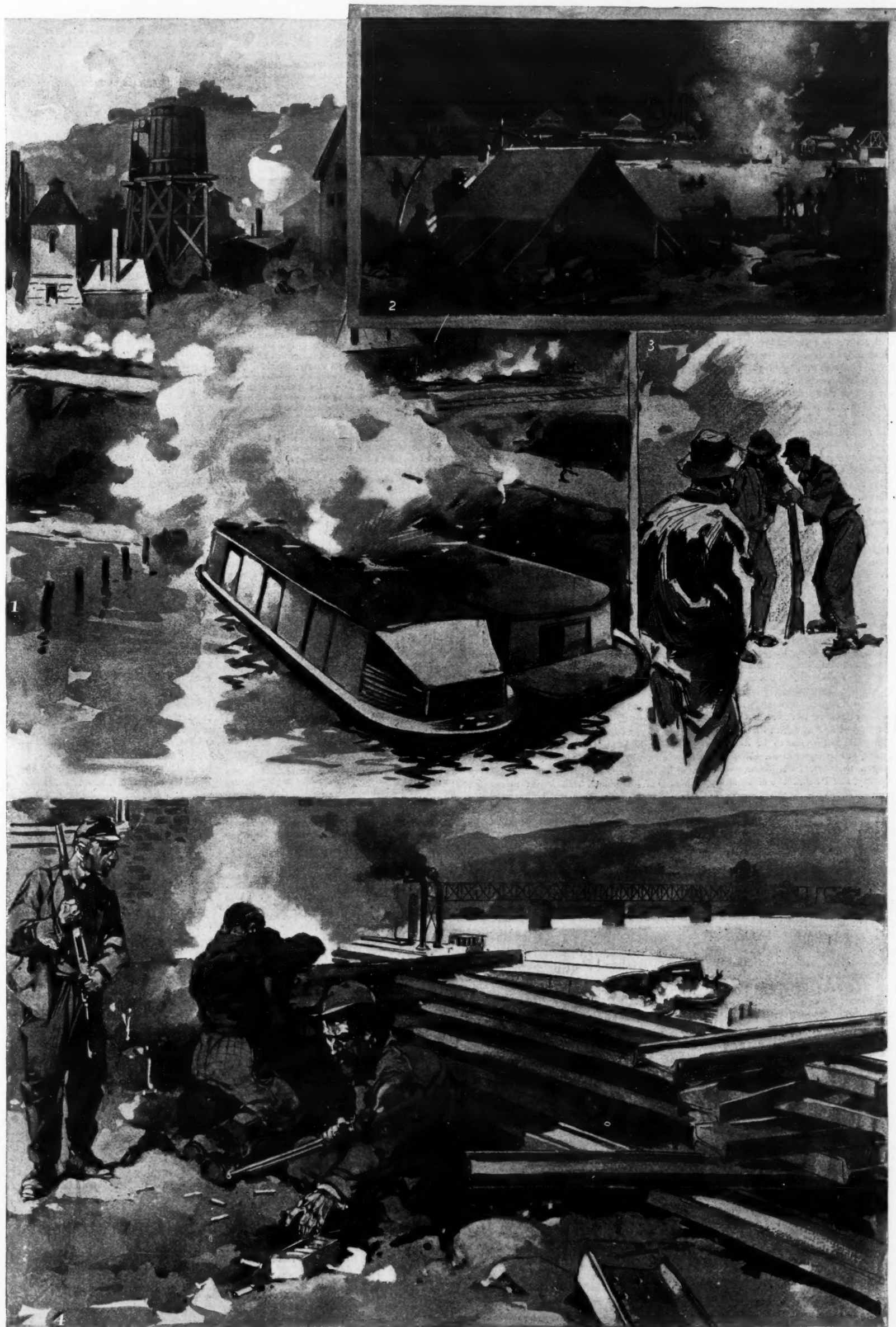


ARRIVAL AT HOMESTEAD OF A DETACHMENT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.  
[SEE PAGE 67.]



THE DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION AT ST. JOHN'S, THE CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND—SCENE FROM THE HARBOR.  
DRAWN BY A. N. GRACE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 70.]





1. THE STRIKERS ASSAILING THE PINKERTON BARGES WITH DYNAMITE. 2. VIEW OF THE CARNEGIE MILLS FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF THE MONONGAHELA, WITH THE PATROL TENTS OF THE STRIKERS IN THE FOREGROUND. 3. TYPES OF THE STRIKERS. 4. THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE STRIKERS AND THE PINKERTONS.

THE LABOR TROUBLES AT HOMESTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 67.]



## SOME EXPERIENCES AT A SHOW IN ENGLAND.

WHEN I went to England several years ago as secretary of the American Exhibition Company, under engagement with which Buffalo Bill gave his Wild West show in London, I had had some executive experience with industrial exhibitions at home, but what I knew of shows in America—that is, circus and theatrical shows—I knew entirely as an outsider, as I had never been in a box-office or behind the footlights or in the saw-dust ring. It is a question, therefore, as to how interesting my observations may be as to the peculiarities of the show business in England. The experience was certainly very interesting, if not profitable, to me personally, and I enjoyed it from beginning to end. It was the intention of the exhibition management to have everything as American as possible, but as the details of the arrangements in London had been prepared by an Englishman, they were in the end as un-American as possible, and they cannot be said to have been English, either. The result of the Englishman's efforts to father an American show was a very unlovely hybrid, which died as a mule dies, completely, leaving no posterity and only an evanescent memory.

I was the first American to arrive on the ground, some three months before the exhibition was to open. A more chaotic condition of affairs was never witnessed. Nothing was ready, and it seemed most unlikely that during the remaining time the buildings could be completed and made fit for occupancy. There were several hundred men at work on the buildings, but they were so slow in their movements that it was disheartening to look at them. They were a bleared and besotten-looking company, and whenever I looked at them I thought that in America we could not possibly turn out such a crowd of laboring men unless we gathered each van load of "drunks" on the way to Blackwell's Island and furnished each man with the proper amount of liquor to keep him just midway between sobriety and drunkenness. I venture to say that one American mechanic can do more work in a given time than two Englishmen of the same trade, and that the work of the former will be much better in quality. The laborers nowadays in America, except on farms, are not natives to any extent, and to make any comparison would not be worth while. But certainly you will never find anywhere in America, at any kind of work, such besotten wretches as those I saw at work as laborers in London. They did not appear to be living on bread and meat, but on liquor alone. Two men were digging a trench just outside my office window one day, and I heard one of them say to his fellow:

"Eury Jones 'as coined into a fortune hov fiftin' hundred pounds."

"My heyee!"

"Hit's true what Hi be tellin' yer."

"My heyee! Hif hit were me, domned hif Hi would hever get sober bagain."

This conversation fairly illustrates the ordinary aspiration of an English laborer. Fortune meant for him not ease from work, not wholesome and plentiful food, but unlimited drink.

By pushing and driving and working night and day, the exhibition buildings were far enough advanced in a week or so after the appointed time to open the doors to the public. Previous to the opening there were received immense numbers of applications for free season tickets. Most of these were from men who in one way or another had to do with newspapers in England and other parts of Europe. I know newspapers and newspaper men pretty thoroughly in America, and I got to know those about London very well indeed before the exhibition was over. They were certainly of very various sorts. Those who occupied responsible positions were usually educated, well-bred, self-respecting men. They were courteous and kindly and had no favors to ask. They did not differ a great deal from the men occupying similar positions in New York, except that they were less sprightly and had a higher reverence for the great of the earth—princes, dukes, and earls, for instance—than an American journalist can ever permanently get up for any one. Such men are frequently met with at the Savage Club, that charming Bohemian home where clever men from all over the world find a hearty welcome from the brightest men and most genial wits that the whole of London can produce.

I met, however, journalists of another sort. They were unknown in America a few years ago, but they are getting quite common in New York of late. They are unattached journalists—men who write for no particular periodical, but sell an article here and there wherever they can find a purchaser. Except for reporting

Parliament the great English dailies have no staff of reporters corresponding with the department of the city editor here. The usual local news is gathered by press agencies and distributed to the various papers by manifold copy. When something unusual is to happen the papers get up special reports, and then these unattached journalists are employed. But the newspapers in London have no organization which could be called upon to make a "spread" when there is a local emergency. In this lack of organization the unattached news-gatherer finds his chance, and it always struck me that he put it to mighty little account. He is usually a cringing creature, with "hanger-on" plainly stamped upon him. He is prepared to undertake anything, however, from reporting a prize-fight to writing an encyclopedia. His one mania, however, is to get free tickets to places of amusement. With these he can pay many little bills, and he counts a pocket full of them as very good ready money. These men are recognized as belonging to the profession of journalism, and as the regard in which any calling is held is like the strength of a building, only equal to its weakest part, these men rather make the standard by which the profession is judged and regulate the public esteem in which it is held. Any one running a show in England must take these unattached gentlemen into account. They contribute toward forming public opinion, and the favorable judgment of the public is what every showman strives for.

The metropolitan or underground railways must also be arranged with by any manager whose show is intended to attract very large audiences. Railway traveling in England is expensive, and even in London there is no such thing as one stated fare for whatever distance, as on our elevated roads. To go from one end of London to another costs a great deal, and exceptionally large crowds to a given place are sometimes arranged for by a reduced fare, the railway and admission ticket being sold at once. The amount of preliminary work required to bring this about is prodigious. It cannot be done, as in this country, by making a bargain with some official of the company over whose lines the excursionist must travel. There the manager must appear before a board in which all the railways of England are represented and he must treat the members of this board with a degree of consideration which will make him feel before he has got through that he has not been arranging a simple business matter, but that he has been on trial before a jury every member of which had been sworn to convict. The railroad men in England, like those in this country, have usually risen from the ranks all the way up from brakemen to superintendents and managers. The school neither here nor there is a gentle one, and those who pass through it need not necessarily take on much personal polish. For some reason, however, the railroad man in this country is a man of much better manners than his compeer in England. It may be that we are a politer people than the English, and it may be, too, that Americans more easily adapt themselves to new conditions and higher responsibilities. But if an American manager takes a really big show to England he must make up his mind to "kowtow" to the right and salame to the left as if he had never learned the doctrine that all men were born free and equal.

The police regulations are also very different in England from what they are here. The policeman there is not nearly so autocratic as he is here, and he would never think of using a club or striking a man unless in self-defense. Upon one occasion, I remember, a man came into my office and created a disturbance. I ordered him out. He declined to go. I did not wish to have any personal struggle with him, so I sent for a policeman. A sergeant came. I said to him:

"This man does not belong here and refuses to leave my office. Will you please take him out?"

I expected the sergeant to tell the man he must go, and then if he did not move on I expected to see the officer remove him by force. Not at all. The sergeant said:

"You had better leave here, sir," and his tone was as respectful and civil as though he were asking the intruder to do him a favor. The man manifested no intention of leaving until he got ready, and the police officer began an inquiry into his reasons for wanting to stay. This so exasperated me that with the assistance of a clerk in my office I bounced the fellow in true American style. The police officer was astonished, and was very apprehensive that the intruder would get out a warrant against me and have me arrested for assault. He explained to me that he had no right to interfere in the matter I had brought to his attention, and that what he did was as an *amicus curie* rather than as a public officer. When riots are to be put down the soldiery are called out in England and not so much is expected of the constabulary. It does not do in England for any official to assume any authority above that with which the law invests him. Oliver Cromwell and his Round-

heads have bequeathed to the English people an unconquerable love for personal independence and the enjoyment of their lawful rights.

For managers of shows this indisposition on the part of the police in London to take control of the crowds is sometimes embarrassing. I remember one afternoon going over to the Wild West part of the show. About three-fourths of the amphitheatre was reserved and an extra charge made for seats in that portion. That afternoon there were ten or twenty thousand excursionists on the grounds. All of them wanted to see the Wild West show. The unreserved seats were filled, and nearly all of those who could not get into that part objected to paying for reserved seats. The crowds besieged the various entrances. The police were there, but made very little effort to keep the crowd back, and at length the officer in charge said that unless the crowds were admitted he would not be responsible for the consequences. The ticket-takers were therefore removed and the people came in, much to the annoyance of those who had paid for the privilege of quiet and comfortable seats.

A few days later I saw an illustration of the destructive power of a crowd bailed of what was due it. A foot-race between two famous sprinters was arranged to take place at the Lillie Bridge cricket grounds, at one time a famous place for athletic sports. There was some dispute between the sprinters and the race did not come off. The disappointment of the crowd was changed to exasperation when it was learned that the book-makers who had taken bets and money on the race had disappeared. I shall never be able to tell how it happened, but in a little while the crowd had been changed into a fierce and unmanageable mob. They tore down the fences, burned up the grand-stand and dressing-rooms, and drove the police from the grounds. All this was done so quickly that I hardly realized what was happening before it was all over. And I don't believe that many, even of the participants, were much wiser than I was.

There are several general holidays—bank holidays they are called—each year, when all business and work ceases and the whole English people give themselves up to enjoyment. Amusement managers make careful preparations for these holidays. The ordinary programme does not answer the purpose, and usually such modifications are made as will make the entertainment more suitable to the taste of the masses. At the American exhibition six or eight bands of music played all the day and evening in various parts of the buildings and gardens, and Buffalo Bill gave an extra performance—that is, one in the morning, a second in the afternoon, and a third in the evening. There was no effort made to collect anything for reserved seats. It would have been useless. The whole place was given up to them, and they took possession with a vengeance. The next morning the gardens looked as if a swarm of locusts had visited them. It was fully a week before all the ravages had been restored. Refined persons usually nowadays go to the country the day before a bank holiday, or if they stay in the city are careful not to leave home. It is the day for "Arry and Hemma," as the comic papers long ago named the shopkeeper's apprentice and his girl. A good deal of money is taken in by amusement caterers on these bank holidays, but, taking everything into consideration, I cannot say that the managers are not more frequently out of pocket than otherwise. This remark does not apply to places like the Crystal Palace.

But what strikes an American with more wonder than anything else is the great awe in which all classes of people hold the members of the royal family. If a manager can get the Prince of Wales to go to see his show and seem interested in it, then his show is certain to have a kind of vogue and fashion. If the show be a good one the Prince's approval will give it just the necessary something to make it a great success. I think no one has ever told exactly how the Prince came to take up Buffalo Bill. When Cody arrived in London with his company he attracted much attention, and it became quite the fashion to visit his encampment before the exhibition was opened. Passes to visit this part of the exhibition-grounds were so eagerly sought that the English director, had he not been too hopelessly vulgar, would have found himself quite a man of fashion. For months previous to the arrival of Cody this Englishman had been bringing all his batteries to bear upon the Prince to induce his royal highness to be a patron of the exhibition. All of his efforts were vain. Indeed, they were worse than vain, as his persistence finally made the Prince angry. It looked bad for the exhibition. At least every other one of Cody's titled visitors would say to him, sooner or later, "The Prince must see this." And so Cody thought, but the Prince did not come. At last Buffalo Bill made bold to send an invitation to the Prince, and to employ as his messenger a young American lady to whom the Prince was at that time paying very devoted attention. Nothing was easier. The Prince was delighted to come, and when he came he brought all his family with him. After that he came repeatedly, and one morning in June, during the jubilee celebration, all of the royalties then in London, some six or eight scores, spent several hours informally in the ring in which the show was given. As the groups were going toward the encampment where their carriages were in waiting, the late Frank Richmond, he who was called the Orator on the programme, was walking with a group of youngish princes and explaining this and that in answer to questions. One of the young men had asked the same question several times, but Richmond, not hearing him, of course did not answer. One of the Texas cowboys, who had heard the question, caught Richmond by the arm and said, "I say, Frank, tell the young feller what he wants to know." Richmond turned, and was horrified to see that the cowboy's "young feller" was the Crown Prince of Denmark, and brother to the Princess of Wales.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

### TWO DECADES OF DINNERS.

TOBY VECK astutely remarks that "there's nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner."

Happily Mr. Veck's unfortunate experience is not shared by the mass of humanity. To most of us the dinner itself is a very punctual event,

and may therefore be regarded somewhat in the light of a second-hand on the dial-plate of Time. And not only this but the long sweeps of years are also marked by the tides which rise and fall in the culinary sea.

Incredulous?

Very well. Just encourage a few gastronomic reminiscences of the past. Pass in review even two brief decades of dinners, and it will be evident that Time has not served these successive feasts without a great many suggestions and much assistance from his handmaid, Change.

The evolution of the present *menu* has been as gradual as the process by which it, in its turn, is slowly giving place to an era of dinners which we dream not of. The years are not many since the table, especially at what may be termed the provincial feast, so groined beneath its load of good things that conversation also partook of the universal overburdened languor and subsided into dyspeptic gossip. The now-familiar canopy of ribbons and smiles was as much an unknown quantity in the problem of dinner-giving as were the "souvenirs" which tax the ingenuity and the pocket-book of the modern hostess. Outside of a limited circle of esoteric culture, courses were an unthought-of acme of "style," and every available inch of space was utilized in subtle gradations from the inevitable chicken or turkey at the foot of the table to the equally inevitable cake and "sauce" over which the hostess smiled her hospitality—that is, if she had strength for smiles or the heart for hospitality after a day of share and share alike with the cook in the kitchen.

We did not move with one long, culinary stride from sauce to salad, from cake to croquettes, from pie to punch. The transition was a gradual one and the appetite was led by easy stages up to its present altitude of patties and cheese-sticks.

For example, the palate which found its dearest delight in the Johnny-cake of forty years ago would quite likely refuse to be tickled at the mention of stuffed olives. To recall the preparation of that same Johnny-cake, by the way, is to catch a glimpse, in perspective, of time and change which, as previously remarked, is possible even in the direction of dinners.

In the first place, an iron kettle of goodly size was filled with a mixture of corn-meal, sour milk, and water. Some of the fine white ashes from the fire were put in to serve the purpose of saleratus. A bed of live coals was then raked to one side of the fire-place, and on this glowing mass the kettle was securely placed and was treated to a veritable heaping of coals of fire upon its iron head. The embers glowed and paled; an appetizing odor stole from under the warped cover. As he sniffed that fragrant breath, little Johnny, snugly ensconced against the warm wall near by, doubled his knees up to his chin to quiet the pangs of hunger; the cake seemed to him to have been named with particular reference to certain well-developed proclivities of his own; his mother occasionally reconnoitred with sharp eye and keen nostril; finally she hesitated, lifted the cover a trifle higher, inhaled a deeper breath, and lo! the cake was done—a dish fit for a king—or a chubman, thinks "Johnny" to-day, as his languid eye runs over the bill of fare from terrapin to *café noir*.

Even the every-day terms of the modern *menu* would have been as unintelligible as Sanskrit to the grandmothers of the present generation. A timbal of chicken would have had little attraction for the gentle dame, while the suggestion of a veal omelet would have fallen on unresponsive ears. A sniff of Roquefort would have tilted their delicate noses beyond the hope of recovery, and the omission of fruit-cake would have seemed little less than sacrilege.

To-day we sit down to tables which seem like charming combinations of the florists', the silversmiths', and the china stores. Knives, forks and spoons in solid phalanx reach out before us, and so encroach upon our neighbor's place, that for one awful moment he is certain that he is sitting six inches either to the right or to the left of his proper position. The napkin is transformed into an ingenious arrangement for the concealment of a cracker or a piece of bread. Souvenirs of various degrees of costliness and uselessness lie before us. Our minds are oppressed with fear lest we forget them, thus displaying lack of appreciation, or, on the other hand, by more than the proper amount of interest, show an inexperienced greed of acquirement. A flower, laid upon the napkin, embarrasses us by its length of stem and abundance of thorns, and an error in the arrangement of our silver plunges us into inextricable confusion, and leaves us at the last course with one fork to the good and no spoon for our coffee.

As for the *menu*, the chief object in modern dinner-giving seems to be the promulgation of a



new dish upon an unwary company. Its composition is a matter upon which there might be endless conjecture. It may be flesh, fish or fowl, or all, or none of these. As for the proper method of disposing of it, one can only trust to fortune and keep a sharp eye on his neighbor.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that conversation becomes a stilted and pre-occupied effort. One realizes the necessity of caution when, after an unthinking lapse into volubility, he recovers himself to find that his plate has accumulated two forks, and that his arrangement of silver is hopelessly deranged.

The subject of souvenirs recalls an occurrence in the hospitable career of a Chicago hostess, Mrs. —, who once gave a luncheon in honor of a friend from abroad. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Now, Mrs. — was the happy possessor of a dozen salt-cellars of repoussé silver, and they were well-nigh the apple of her eye. In the arrangement of the table the precious salt-cellars were placed for the guests, another kind being supplied for the hostess and her friend. The cards designating the places were laid upon these empty little dishes, and, through some error, remained there, so that the absence of salt was not discovered.

When the fair company assembled at the board one lady picked up her card, saw the empty salt-cellar, and, remarking at some length on its beauty and its charm, said it was "a lovely souvenir," and slipped it into her pocket. Her example was promptly followed by the rest of the company with the exception of one unfortunate woman, who either had no pocket or was unable to find it. The hostess was petrified with grief and despair as she saw her cherished possessions calmly appropriated, but she was unable to offer the necessary explanation in the face of the torrent of acknowledgment and compliment.

After she had received the adieus of the last guest, however, and had heard the departing rustle of the last silk gown whose pocket held one of her beloved salt-cellars, she sat her down like the Little Maid of Arcade, and she wept such copious briny tears as would have gone far to fill the vanished dishes. It was soon discovered, however, that the woman without a pocket had forgotten her prize, and Mrs. — seized it with the concentrated affection which a parent bestows on the last of many children. She handled it, kissed it, lingered over the contemplation of its charms, with the greedy eye of a miser.

But her joy was of brief duration. The following morning brought a very polite little note from the pocketless and salt-cellarless woman, saying that she had inadvertently forgotten her "beautiful souvenir," and would Mrs. — kindly send it. Mrs. — sent it, but in the bosom of her family she expressed the wish that the punishment of Lot's wife had overtaken the woman for looking back upon the charms of that unintentional souvenir.

MARY B. MULLETT.

#### THE MILITIA AT HOMESTEAD.

We have commented elsewhere on the aspect of the situation at Homestead, Pennsylvania, and the attitude of the workmen toward the law. For days the strikers remained in practical mastery. The sheriff of the county was unable to obtain a posse sufficient in numbers to enforce the law, and the Governor of the State, after parleying for a time, finally called out the entire division of the State militia, numbering some ten thousand men. The commanding general was ordered to "support the authorities of the county of Allegheny at Homestead, to maintain the peace and protect all persons in their rights under the constitution and laws of the State."

The announcement of the Governor's action produced great excitement among the workmen at Homestead, and the more hot-headed were at first disposed to resist any attempt of the militia to protect the endangered property of the Carnegie company. The more intelligent and considerate of the strikers, however, apparently recognizing the folly of a persistence in their course, made no actual opposition to the representatives of the State authority, but "welcomed them as friends."

At a public meeting attended by some five thousand persons, Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the workmen and a man of large influence, forcibly urged obedience to the law, and at his suggestion arrangements were at once made to welcome the troops as friends and not as foes. All the bands in the town volunteered to co-operate in the welcome. It was agreed that any insult to the troops should be punished by the "ducking" of the offender.

The indications now are that so long as the militia remain on the ground there will be no lawlessness, or any demonstrations of violence.

When, however, the militia are withdrawn, the strikers will, it is feared, resume their attitude of hostility to the mill owners, and endeavor to prevent non-union men taking the places they have vacated. Whatever may be their course, there seems to be no room for doubt that they will in the end be utterly beaten. It is not likely that union workmen will ever again be employed in the Homestead works. There is no indication that the persons in control will recede from the position they have taken on this subject. They propose, as they allege, to control and manage their own business in their own way. They will not assent to the domination of committees representing any outside organization.

Elsewhere we give illustrations of incidents connected with the recent unfortunate disturbances. It is illustrative of the system of espionage which prevailed in and about the Homestead works that our artist was interrogated at almost every step as to his purposes in visiting the premises, and kept under surveillance during the whole period of his stay. It is proper to say, however, that no personal discourtesy was offered him after his business was made known.

#### H. C. FRICK.

H. C. FRICK, the manager of the Carnegie Steel Company, is a young man still—the youngest of Pittsburgh's millionaires, probably, and certainly the brainiest. He was born in December, 1849, in Fayette County. His first business experience was obtained at a very early age in A. Overholt's whisky distillery, but when he was barely twenty-one he was already interested in a coke-making plant, and before long he had embarked as an operator on his own account. He made his first big strike about 1872, when, having built a branch railroad from Broadford to Mt. Pleasant, he sold it to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at a handsome profit. The money that he made in this deal he immediately invested in coal land and additional coke plants. By January, 1882, the coke interests held by him and E. M. & Walton Ferguson had reached such a magnitude that Carnegie Brothers & Co. paid \$1,500,000 for a half interest in them. Mr. Frick then bought the Standard Coke Works, J. M. Schoonmaker's plant, and the Connellsville Coal and Coke Company's works, bringing the whole property up to between 20,000 and 25,000 acres of Connellsville coal land, while later purchases bring the holdings of the Frick Company to upwards of 35,000 acres of the very best coal. The company has nearly 10,000 coke ovens, which in a busy time produce about 16,000 to 18,000 tons of coke daily.

On the death of David A. Stewart in December, 1888, Mr. Carnegie, recognizing the great business ability of Mr. Frick, offered him an interest in the firms of Carnegie Bros. & Co., and Carnegie, Phipps & Co., which Mr. Frick accepted and paid for. He at once was made chairman of Carnegie Bros. & Co., and when all the Carnegie interests were consolidated, the other day, Mr. Frick became chairman of the new company, and the active head of an immense business. Mr. Frick married Miss Childs, of a well-known Pittsburgh family, some years ago, and they have two children, who share with them a beautiful home in the East End, the most popular suburb of Pittsburgh. Mr. Frick is of a forceful, self-reliant nature, and in previous conflicts with labor organizations has shown a determination to carry his point at all hazards. He has been successful generally, and while accustomed to victory the adverse happenings of the last few weeks have not apparently shaken his purpose to manage his own business.

#### FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

##### THE MARQUIS DE MORES.

THE killing of Captain Mayer, of the French army, by the Marquis de Mores, in a duel fought in Paris June 23d, is the most sensational incident that has thus far occurred in the present French anti-Semitic campaign. The marquis is well known in this country, having been for some time engaged in the cattle business, on a ranch of his own, out West. He is an officer in the French army, a man of reckless personal daring, with anarchistic leanings, and a cordial antipathy toward the Jewish race. One of his most intimate friends is M. Edouard Drumont, the aggressive author of "La France Juive." In a recent duel between a French and a Hebrew soldier De Mores and Captain Mayer acted as seconds, and a remark of the former's about "Hebrew *canaille*" led to the challenge by

Mayer. The captain was a professor in the Ecole Polytechnique, and his funeral called forth a considerable demonstration from the race he had championed. The Marquis de Mores is under arrest, and should he escape legal punishment will probably have a series of duels on hand in order to satisfy would-be avengers of his late antagonist.

##### MEDIEVAL FETES AT ROUEN.

Rouen, the old city where Jeanne d'Arc suffered martyrdom, and where a noble monument has just been dedicated to her memory, was treated last month to an imposing mediæval spectacle, of which our picture shows one of the preliminary features. This is the proclamation by a mounted herald, in good old chivalric style, on the eve of the festivities, of what is to take place on the morrow. What *did* take place at Rouen, was a grand artistic cortège representing the historic entrance of Louis de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, into the city, in 1526.

##### THE EMBABEH BRIDGE OVER THE NILE.

We reproduce from *L'Illustration* a picture of the fine new railroad bridge of Embabeh, near Cairo, which was opened with ceremony in May. It spans the Nile at the point where Napoleon's famous "Battle of the Pyramids" was fought, and connects the railway system of lower Egypt, on the right bank of the river, with that of upper Egypt, on the left.

##### MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The recent meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Germany at Kiel was rather a perfunctory affair, and seems to have had no special political significance. As a spectacle it possessed some picturesque features. One of these is shown in our picture of the visit of the Czar and the Emperor, the Czarewitch and Prince Henry of Russia, to the German flagship *Baden*. The scene in the harbor was a brilliant one; the yards of the twenty-five German war-ships were manned, the Russian flag flew to their masts-heads, and the bass roar of the royal salute from the guns was mingled with the cheers of the sailors.

## Graphology

We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent immediately by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Carol, New York.—Is ambitious and aspiring. Well-balanced and even. Easy flow of ideas with continuity and consecutiveness. Independent and logical for a woman. More intellectual than imaginative, though the latter quality is present above the average. Generous, tender, and essentially feminine. Has considerable powers of application. Gentle, firm disposition, not quick-tempered. Some self-esteem particularly manifested in signature. Candid but reserved about her own affairs in general. Not vain at all in the feminine sense of the word. More of a bias toward the æsthetic of life than the practical, and though I infer tact, does not possess administrative ability. Candid and sincere. Very persevering. I should say domestic tastes. More of a friendly than a passionate nature.

R. Evans, N. J.—You are observing, appreciative, and possessed of more personal force than would appear at a glance, coupled with a bit of diplomacy. Refinement of idea and habit is apparent, as is vivacity of a most sparkling description. You would be a most agreeable companion, and can be relied upon as

a sincere and faithful friend. Your handwriting indicates truth and frankness, ambition of good type, and a dash of innocent and harmless vanity.

M. W., Moodus, Conn.—Is strongly ambitious, mentally active, appreciative, and somewhat versatile. Tenacity, perseverance, and a strong will are leading traits. Culture is evident, and a fine literary taste with some capacity. Observation and ready intentions

are evident, also a warm temperament, ready ideas, and diplomatic ability. Affections are warm, and the whole nature is positive in form and only weak in its obstinacy—a quality which is always a bit blind.

Citizens' Club, Fredonia, N. Y.—You are candid, frank, logical, and practical. Your habit of mind is deliberate, reflective, and constructive. You are observing, have an excellent sense of justice, and most reliable judgment. Although conversational and communicative you are guarded in speech. You are firm but not tyrannical, are careful but are not an economist, and may be judged from your handwriting to be a man of plain, square dealing and of good general capacities.

E. yet B. is neat, careful, painstaking, and sincere. Candor and good intention are clear, as are education, discretion, and a measure of vanity. Good temper is usual, and the affections are warm and generous, with a touch of sentiment.

W. J. Sinnott, Boston, Mass.—You are active, ready, and somewhat impulsive. Ambition is a strong point, but you are restless, and your aim is uncertain and variable. Naturally firm of will, you are capable of great perseverance. Small matters are sometimes eluded at your hands, but the general run of work is good, and with a grain more of balance, a bit less of vanity, you will find yourself well equipped to fight for your ambitions.

J. D. H., Richmandeville, N. Y.—Is clear in mind, very intelligent, and disposed to be critical. His will is strong and works with rapidity, he is good-tempered though impatient of contradiction, is reticent, and although sufficiently candid and honest, is neither expansive, too communicative nor emotional. He is exact and systematic, is capable of finesse, at all times holds himself well in hand, and is a man of refinement, good taste, and clear, strong, practical judgment and good common sense, well salted with the spices of self-belief and confidence.

Olive S. Westcott.—Is ambitious, active, capable, and clever. Her ideas, sympathies, and interests are warmly colored by a temperament which is ardent but refined. She is restless, versatile, a ready talker, and most companionable. Her affections are warm, even

intense, with a touch of sentiment. Firm of will, she is not aggressive, but is persevering, and when need be, insistent. Cultivation and a kind heart are very evident, and her mind is full of sparkle and the ability to please and entertain.

W. E. B., Red Bank, N. J.—Is observing and somewhat imaginative after a moderate fashion. Speech is ready, temper is fairly good, affections are ardent, and there is a general appearance of activity and energy. There is a touch of ingenuousness through which much pleasure is found, and the whole nature is ardent, appreciative, and rather expansive.

Pearl S., Grass Valley, Cal.—Is industrious, thoughtful, sincere, and painstaking. Her ideas are refined, she is conscientious, possessed of self-respect and some self-appreciation. Speech is ready but not indiscreet; she is amiable, fairly firm, and is candid, honest, and true. Her affections are tinged with sentiment, and she would weave about their object a halo of virtues and live content in their glow.

F. P., La Crosse, Wis.—Is neat, reliable, and a good workman. His mind is clear and logical, he is well educated and sincere, more so than the average. His will is fairly firm and persevering, and his temper is equable. Thrift and moderate economy are visible, but not meanness; affections are generous, and the whole man is worthy of confidence and might think better of himself and his abilities than his handwriting would suggest is his custom.

A. B. S., Camden, N. J.—You are appreciative and refined. At times vivacious, you are still discreet in speech. Careful and neat in all things, you do well the task of each day. You have much self-respect and some egotism, are candid, honest, and frank, not

seeking concealments. You are deliberate and unimpulsive, preferring to go at a modest pace and not with such speed as to necessitate retracing steps.

L. S. J., Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.—Is refined, neat, and graceful in idea and thought. While yet firm, there is no tyranny, indeed, instead a habit of dependence, not from weakness but from custom. Industry, thrift, and sincerity are visible. Affections are warm and enduring, but are not easily roused. There is much good intention and a touch of egotism.

## WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give \$200 to the subscriber who predicts the closest to the actual PLURALITY OF THE POPULAR VOTE of the successful candidate for the Presidency. The prediction must be written on the following blank cut from the WEEKLY and addressed to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

None but subscribers allowed to contest. If you are not already a subscriber inclose \$1.00 for the paper for three months when sending the blank. If you are a subscriber please so state on the blank.

I predict that \_\_\_\_\_ will have plurality of the popular vote in the election for President.

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THE YOUNG WOMAN'S IMPROVEMENT CLUB IN FORSYTH STREET.



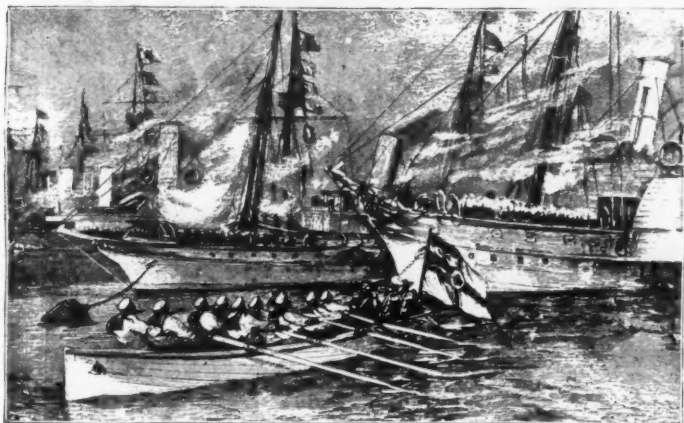
THE ART EXHIBITION.



A CLASS IN CALISTHENICS.

WORK OF THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK CITY—AN ART EXHIBITION IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT.—[SEE PAGE 62.]





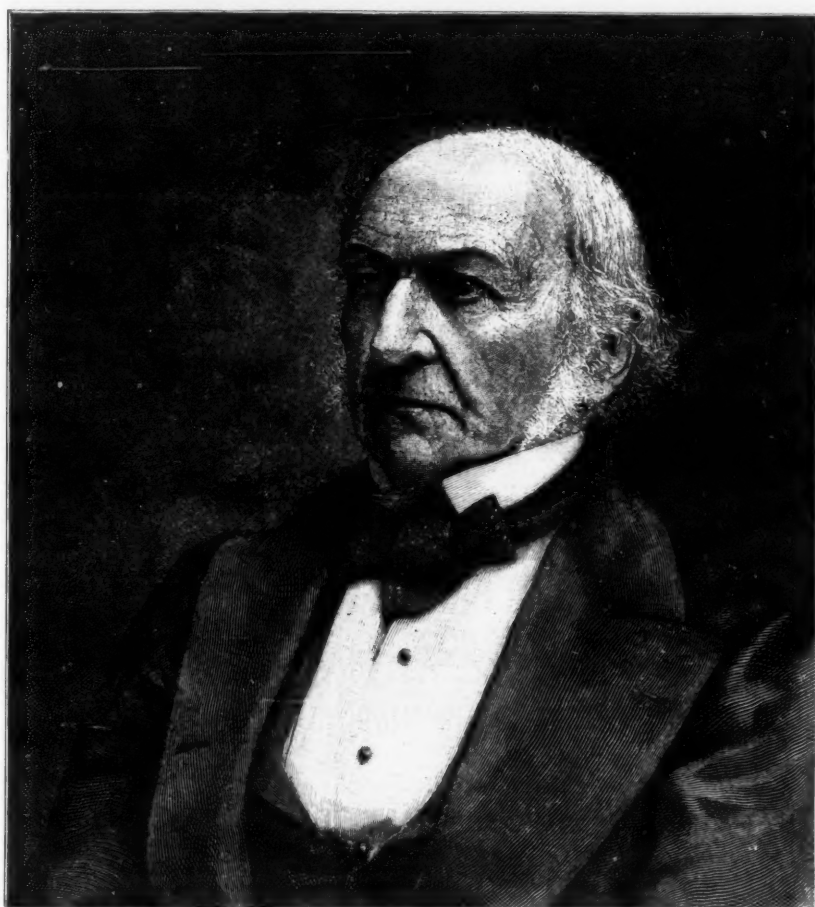
MEETING OF THE RUSSIAN AND GERMAN EMPERORS AT KIEL—VISITING THE GERMAN FLAG-SHIP.



THE MARQUIS DE MORES, THE DUELIST.



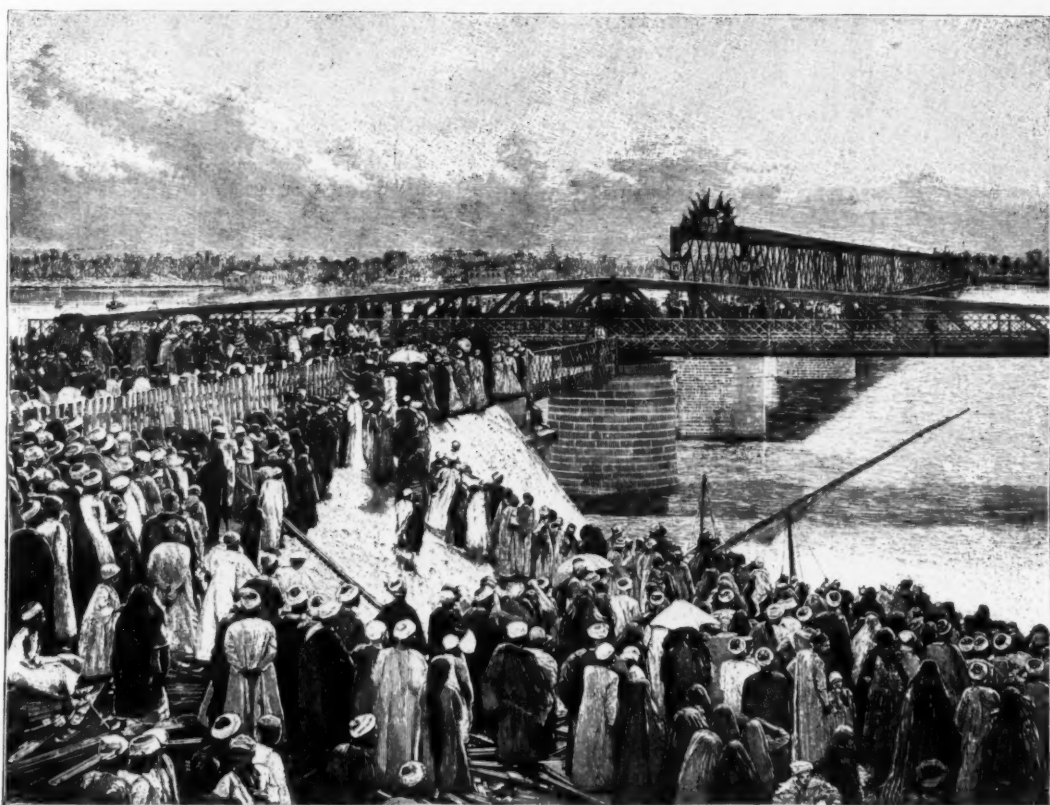
THE RUSSIAN AND GERMAN EMPERORS MEET ON BOARD THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.



HISTORIC FETES IN HONOR OF JEANNE D'ARC AT ROUEN—READING THE PROCLAMATION.



EGYPT.—OPENING OF THE NEW EMBABEH BRIDGE ACROSS THE NILE, NEAR CAIRO.



CAPTAIN MAYER, KILLED IN DUEL BY THE MARQUIS DE MORES.



## THE ST. JOHN'S CALAMITY.

The city of St. John's, capital of Newfoundland, having a population of thirty thousand, has again been desolated by fire. Its present experience is much more disastrous than that of 1846, which at the time was regarded as most severe. The fire, which broke out on the 9th inst., destroyed a large part of the town, entailing a loss which is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars. Among the buildings destroyed were many of the most notable in the city, including the Masonic Temple, the Roman Catholic cathedral, the bishop's palace, the English cathedral, the Athenaeum, a number of banks, the Methodist college, etc. The English cathedral was a magnificent structure, and was considered to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture on this continent. It had been fifty years in building, and was still uncompleted. The Methodist college was the educational headquarters of that denomination on Newfoundland, and its loss will be most severely felt.

The fire extended to the water front, and many of the warehouses along the wharves were consumed. Altogether some six hundred buildings were burned. Several thousand people were rendered homeless by the conflagration, being driven into the streets and fields until arrangements could be made for their care. Fortunately the loss of life was small. Aid was promptly offered by Canadian and American cities, and in England one hundred thousand dollars was contributed in a single day for the relief of the sufferers. The situation was rendered the more desperate from the fact that nearly all stocks of provisions and of clothing were destroyed, only ten days' supply of food of all kinds being left in the town.

## HALF RATES TO WASHINGTON VIA B. AND O. R. R.

For the national meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Washington, July 18th to 20th, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway will sell excursion tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 16th to 19th, and will be valid for return journey until July 24. Bicycles of passengers will be carried free of charge. The Baltimore and Ohio has been designated as the official route to the meet by the officials of the League of American Wheelmen. For full information as to time of trains and rates of fare apply to A. J. Simmons, 211 Washington Street, Boston; C. P. Craig, 415 Broadway, New York, or to James Potter, 833 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Upon application, Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., will send free of charge a handsomely illustrated guide to Washington.

## SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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## SUMMER TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The "scenic line of the world," the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. Double daily train service, with through Pullman sleepers and tourist cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

"Do you want a good thing?" asked President Lincoln of an importunate office-seeker. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Get Don Quixote then, and read it. It will make you laugh." Still more laughable to those who appreciate American above Spanish humor is the "New Don Quixote," in which the sorrowful Knight of La Mancha and his faithful squire, Sancho, are brought in contact with the civilization of the nineteenth century. Send fifty cents for it to Brentano's, New York and Chicago.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
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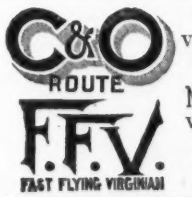
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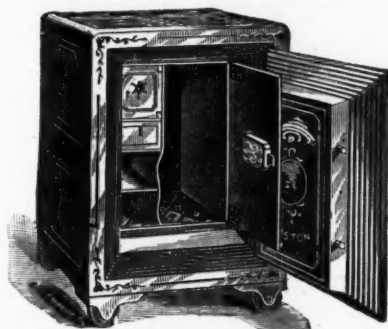
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